

“The wash-tub”

The cast:

1. A maidservant/ waitress –
2. The author -
3. The author’s wife -
4. Mrs. Barnaby –
5. Mr. Barnaby –
6. The Duke –
7. The duchess -
8. A lady 1
9. A lady 2
10. A gentelman

The wash-tub.

Выходит автор.

The author: Positano is a very picturesque place. In winter it’s full of painters, male and female but if you come here in summer you’ll have it to yourself. **Выходит его жена. Садится за столик.**

(Сцена – кафе с несколькими столиками, к паре подходит официантка)

Сцена 1.

The waitress: Good morning, sir.

The author: Good morning Mary, who is that gentleman over there?(показывает на человека, гуляющего вдалеке) I didn’t expect to see anyone here at this time of the year. Is he a painter or a writer or something?

The waitress: No, sir, he’s a gentleman.(продолжает сервировать стол: приносит тарелки, бокалы.....)

The author: Odd, I think, no foreigners come to Positano at this time of the year. I can’t imagine anyone wishing to spend three months here, unless it is somebody who wants to hide.

The author’s wife: Do you remember that all London has been exited by the flight earlier in the year of an eminent, but dishonest, financier, the amusing thought occurred to me that this mysterious stranger is perhaps he.

The author: I knew him slightly and hope that our sudden arrival would not disturb him.

The author’s wife: Does he always dine here?

The waitress: Yes, sir, you can see him here every day, at dinner time.

The author’s wife: How amazing it is (замолкает, увидев, что человек входит в кафе)

The author: No, he is not the hiding financier. (человек, увидев пару, вежливо улыбается и подходит)

Mr. Barnaby: I hear you have just arrived at the hotel. Mary, said that she couldn’t come down here to introduce me you would not mind if I introduce myself. Would it bore you to dine with a total strange?

The author: Of couse not, sit down. (официант приносит прибор для нового гостя, они начинают есть)

Mr. Barnaby: You must forgive me if I talk too much. This is the first chance I’ve had to speak English for three months.

The author’s wife: three months is a long period of time to stay at Positano.

Mr. Barnaby: I’ve hired a boat and I bath and fish. I read great deal. I have many books here and if there’s anything I can lend you I’ll be very glad.

The author: I think I have enough reading matter. But I should love to look at what you have. It’s always fun looking at other people’s books.

The author’s wife: It also tells you good deal about them.

The author: What’s you name?

Mr. Barnaby: Barnaby.

The author's wife: That's a name that has recently become known to everybody.

Mr. Barnaby: Oh, how so?

The author: Have you never heard of the celebrated Mrs. Barnaby? She is a compatriot of yours.

Mr. Barnaby: I admit that I've seen her name in the papers rather often of late. Do you know her?

The author's wife: Yes quite well. She gave the grandest parties all last season and we went to them whenever she asked us. Everyone did. She is an amazing woman. She came to London to spend the season, and, I swear, her parties were the most successful in London.

Mr. Barnaby: I understand she's very rich?

The author: Oh, yes very! But it's not the money that had made her success. Plenty of American women have money. It's her character, she never pretends to be anything but what she is. She is natural. She is priceless. You know her history, of course, don't you?

Mr. Barnaby: Mrs. Barnaby may be a great celebrity in London, but in America she is almost unknown.

The author's wife: Oh my Lord, why? But you must have heard something about her husband. He killed two men with a single shot. A real Western type.

The author: Mrs. Barnaby's stories about him are very amusing, of course, everyone begged her to let him come, but she says he never leaves wide open space.

Mr. Barnaby: I hope he can read and write?

The author's wife: One-Bullet Mike, as we call him now, only learnt to write his name when he got rich and had to sign cheques.

Mr. Barnaby: How amazing all these things are.

The author's wife: Well, I'll tell you about her when we meet next time. See you ...

Mr. Barnaby: See you later and don't forget to come and look at my books.

The author: Certainly, I'll definitely come.

Сцена 2

Mr. Barnaby, The author, the maid.

(Автор стучит, заходит в комнату, служанка убирает в комнате, автор видит портрет женщины на столе, он очень сильно удивлен, мистер Барнаби не ожидал увидеть этот портрет также)

Mr. Barnaby: You fool, Mary. Why have you taken that photo out of my wardrobe? Why did you think I put it away?

The maid: I didn't know sir. That's why I put it back on the table. I thought you liked to see the portrait of your wife.

The author: Is Mrs. Barnaby your wife?

Mr. Barnaby: "She is."

The author's wife: "Good lord, are you One-Bullet Mike?"

Mr. Barnaby: "Do I look it?"¹

The author (начинает смеяться, затем смотрит на его руки): "I must say you don't."

Mr. Barnaby: "No, sir, I have never felled a steer with my naked fist."

"She'll never forgive me," (шепчет в зал). "She wanted me to take a false name, and when I refused she was quite angry with me. She said it wasn't safe. I said it was bad enough to hide myself in Positano for three months and categorically refused to change my name. Now I can do nothing, but beg you not to disclose a secret that you have discovered quite by chance."

The author and the author's wife together: ""We will be as silent as the grave""

The wife: "but honestly I don't understand. What does it all mean?"

Mr. Barnaby: OK, I'll tell my sad story. It all began when we sailed to London last April.

Сцена 3

Mr. Barnaby, Mrs. Barnaby, the duke, duchess,

Mrs. Barnaby: Do you know the young Duke and Duchess of Hereford? I've just seen them, they happen to be on board. How amazing it is.

Mr. Barnaby: I don't think it can influence our voyage much.

Mrs. Barnaby: I have always read a great deal of English fiction and you know my one desire is to have a London season, to give parties and do all the grand things I had read about in books.

Mr. Barnaby: I don't think I can help. I'm ill, every time we sail, and always stay in my cabin, so Dear, look after yourself.(уходит)

Mrs. Barnaby: Oh, I will....(направляется к столику за которым сидят герцог и герцогиня)
Excuse me, you don't know me but my deck-chair is next to yours.

Duchess: "I'm glad to meet you, Dear. Where are you from?"

Mrs. Barnaby: "I'm from America, I and my husband I mean."

Duch: Oh this wild country, we are very interested in all these western stories, I'm sorry to say there are not so many.

Mrs. Barnaby: You are lucky because I can tell you great deal. My husband and I took part in many events in the Wild West...

Duchess: In this case, my Dear I beg you to stay with us and tell everything you know.

Mrs. Barnaby: With great pleasure. Hm..One day the Mexican bandits attacked our log-cabin and I loaded our guns for my husband and we stood the siege² for three days till the government troops came to help us.

Duch: It's unbelievable (осматривая ее с головы до ног) You loaded the guns.

Mrs. Barnaby: By the way, my husband is quite a remarkable person. They call him One-Bullet Mike. He killed two gamblers, shooting one with his right hand and the other with his left (показывает пальцами, как он стрелял).

Duchess: Great, It's just the story for my guests. We'll arrange a party for you, I'm crazy to introduce you to all sorts of wonderful people. When we are in London...Oh Dear she is so real...and natural(обращается к мужу и они уходят...)

Появляется Барнаби

Mrs. Barnaby: You must supply me with all interesting details.

Mr. Barnaby: What did you tell them? Did you mention that I am on board?

Mrs. Barnaby: I only transformed you..... into One-Bullet Mike (делает паузу) It's a chance in a thousand. You will spoil everything.... Please, go to Paris for a week or two till I have strengthened my position.

Mr. Barnaby: I don't mind but I'm not going to hide like a criminal for endless months.

Mrs. Barnaby: I don't think it'll take more than a month or two.

Mr. Barnaby: OK but it's only because I love you so much and only want you to be happy. I will go to ..Paris? (отрицательно мотает головой) ... Rome? (опять отрицательный ответ) ... Positano?

Mrs. Barnaby: Oh, Dear it's far enough for...

Mr. Barnaby: One-Bullet Mike.

Сцена 4

Party

the duke, duchess, 2 ladies, a gentleman

Duchess: (читает стихи).....

Играет музыка, танцует пара Диана (вальс)

Вокруг миссис Барнаби сидят люди. Она им что-то рассказывает.

Lady 1: It's the best season in London.

A gentleman (говорит даме 1): Mrs. Barnaby is one of the most cultivated women I have ever known and her stories,,,,,

Lady 2: Please, tell us more, it's unbelievable we ask you....

Mrs. Barnaby: OK, you won't believe but I.... washed the miners' clothes .

Lady 1: You washed what?

Mrs. Barnaby: *the miners' clothes I said.*

Lady 2: But how could you....

Mrs. Barnaby: In the wash-tub, of course.

A gentleman: My dear, you were the best washer woman I suppose.

Mrs. Barnaby I'm.....I definitely was.

Сцена 4

The author, The author's wife, Mr. Barnaby

The author But the wash-tub. She couldn't have invented the wash tub. It sounded so realistic.

The author's wife: You don't know how she made us laugh with that story. Why,(pause), she swam into London Society in her wash-tub."

Mr. Barnaby (begins to laugh) : She's made the biggest fools of you all. She's made a pretty big fool of me too.

The author: She's a wonderful woman and you're right to be proud of her.

The author's wife: I always said she was priceless. She realized the passion for romance that beats in every British heart and she's given us exactly what we wanted."

Mr. Barnaby : It's all very fine for you, sir. London may have gained a wonderful hostess, but I am beginning to think that I have lost a perfectly good wife.

The author: The only place for One-Bullet Mike is the great open West. My dear Mr. Barnaby, there is only one course open to you now. You must continue to disappear.

Mr. Barnaby: I'm very much obliged to you.

The author's wife: Don't you think he told it with a good deal of acidity?